

CHARLIE *and*
HIS KITTEN TOPSY
——
HILL *and* MAXWELL

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THE CHARLIE STORIES:

Charlie and His Kitten Topsy



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Charlie holds Jane and Topsy against their will

Charlie and His Kitten Topsy

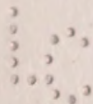
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

BY

VIOLET MAXWELL

AND

HELEN HILL



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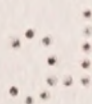
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TO
ALICE VIRGINIA,
AND JOHN



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THE CHARLIE STORIES:

Charlie and His Kitten Topsy



HOW CHARLIE MADE TOPSY LOVE HIM

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy called Charlie. He lived with his Mother and his Daddy and his Auntie in a house in the city with a big yard all around it. A cat called Jane and Jane's kitten, whose name was Topsy, also lived in the house.

Charlie was a good little boy and a nice little boy, and everybody liked him—that is everybody excepting Jane, the cat, and

Topsy, the kitten—and they did not like him *at all*.

This was very sad, because Charlie loved Jane and Topsy more than anything else in the world excepting his Mother and his Daddy and his Auntie. He loved Jane and Topsy *dreadfully* much—one thousand times more than his electric train or his milk wagon or his big e-nor-mous flashlight! Yet Jane and Topsy did not like him at all and ran away whenever they saw him coming. And what do you think was the reason?

I will tell you. Charlie liked that cat and that kitten so *dreadfully* much that he was never happy unless he was holding them tight in his arms and hugging and kissing them all day long! Whenever he saw them running on their own four legs he would grab them and squeeze them and bother them. Sometimes he would grab Jane and sometimes he would grab Topsy and sometimes he would grab them both together!



But most of the time he got hold of Topsy alone because Topsy was little and couldn't run away so fast.

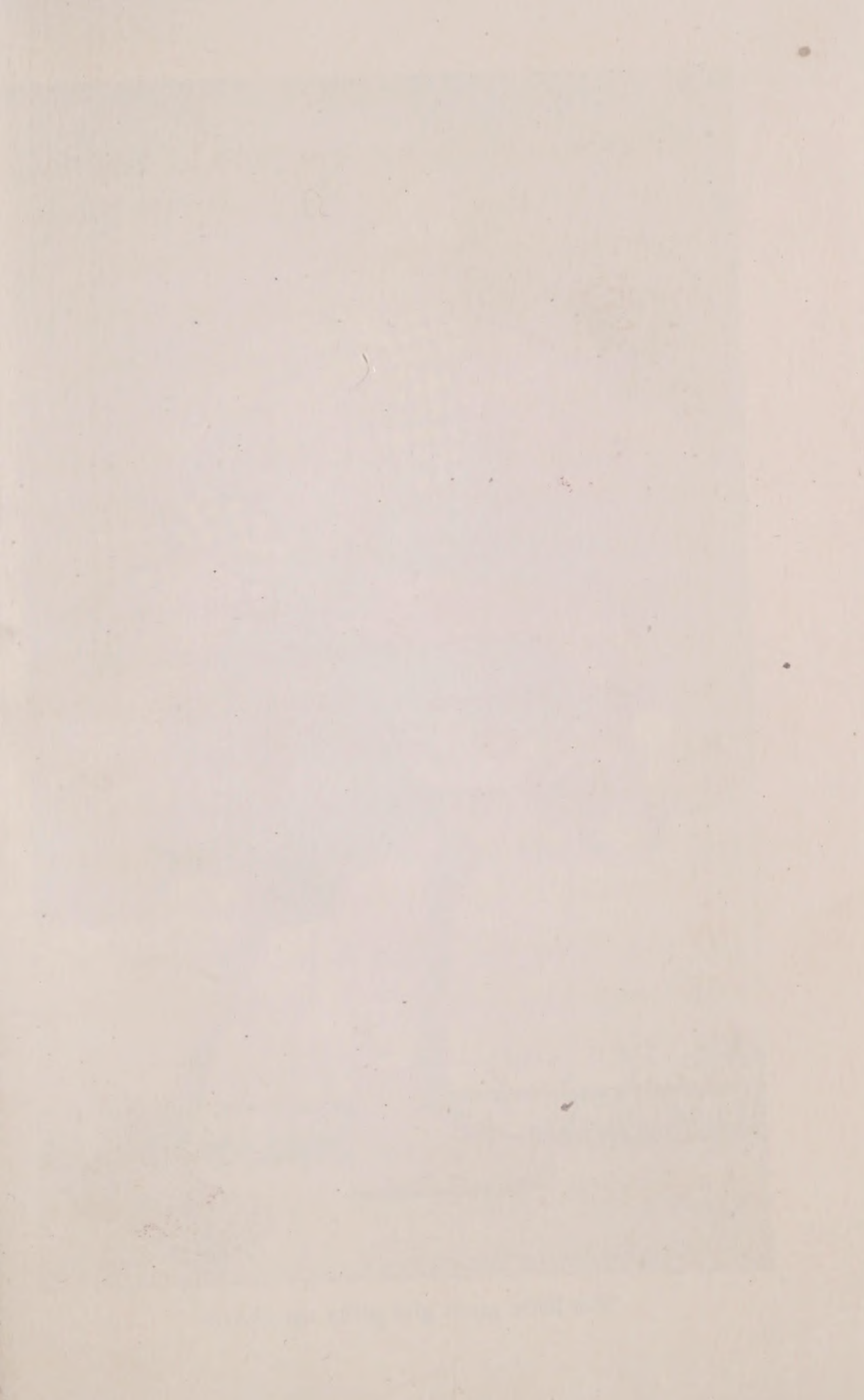
Again and again his Mother and his Auntie said to him, "Charlie, put that kitten down! Don't you see that he doesn't *want* to be held all the time? Let him run around and play. *You* wouldn't like it if your Mother or your Auntie were to carry you around and hug you and kiss you all day long. Why don't you play nicely with him?"

Why don't you run around and let him chase you? A kitten loves to play with little boys; he likes to run about and scamper and jump, but he does not like to be picked up and carried all the time, any more than *you* would like it."

But Charlie would *not* listen. He picked the kitten up all the time and he would not let him run around *at all*. He carried him around in his arms or he tucked him inside his blouse, and he bothered and teased him all day long. The kitten Topsy called out again and again — "Miaou, miaou, m-i-a-o-u." Charlie paid no attention at all; he just went on bothering and teasing him.

One day Charlie was walking around in the yard looking for Topsy. Topsy was hiding in the bushes near the fence. He was hiding because he did not want to be grabbed and kissed and hugged any longer.

Charlie was hunting and hunting with his hand already held out to grab Topsy, when





The little giant girl picks up Charlie

suddenly—WHAT DO YOU THINK? A great big hand grabbed hold of Charlie! Yes, a great big hand grabbed hold of him by his trousers and lifted him clear off the ground and over the garden fence and a great BIG voice called out, “O-o-o-o-eee! What a *darling, ducky*, little tiny, weeny creature!”

Charlie squirmed around to see what was holding him, and—you *never* can guess—it was a little giant girl.

She was *e-nor-mous*—most twice as big as his Mother *or* his Auntie *or* his Daddy! But she was a pretty little giant girl; she had yellow hair tied with a blue bow, and she had blue eyes.

She looked at Charlie all over and she called out again: “O-o-o-o, you little *darling* thing, I’ll take you right home this minute.” And she began to run as fast as ever she could, still holding Charlie by his trousers, and his legs dangled and swung

backwards and forwards and his head wagged, so fast did the little giant girl run.

Then he called out, "Let me down, let me down!" But the little giant girl paid no attention *at all*.

She ran and she ran till she came to her mother's house and in at the front door, and as she ran she called out, "Mamma, Mamma! look what I've found—a darling, teeny little doll! And it's alive! It walks and it talks, Mamma."

Then the little giant girl's Mamma came downstairs and she looked at Charlie. "Isn't it *dear?*" she said, and she put him on the table. "You must take great care of it, and not tease it and drag it about."

But the little giant girl paid no attention. She poked Charlie in the middle of his back and said, "Walk, walk."

Her finger was very sharp, and it hurt Charlie, so he said, "Don't. O-w! Don't."

Then the little giant girl began to jump

up and down and to say, "O-o-o-o-eeee, isn't it cute, Mamma? I love him, I love him, and I'll keep him forever and ever."

And she picked Charlie up high, high in the air, and she kissed him and she hugged him and she kissed him again—but Charlie did not like it at all.

Then the little giant girl said, "I wonder if he can eat, Mamma. Wouldn't it be fun if he can eat? I'll go and get him a piece of cake." She ran out of the room and she came back with a great e-nor-mous piece of cake and she gave it to Charlie. He was most awfully hungry, as it was long past dinner time, so he took the cake and began to eat.

The little giant girl jumped up and down again and called out: "Look, Mamma, he can eat like a real live person. Oh, *isn't* he cute?" Then she snatched the cake out of Charlie's hand and held it above his head, while she sang in a laughing voice, "Don't

you want some more? Wouldn't you like some more? *Do* have some more."

Charlie was dreadfully hungry and he tried to grab the cake, but the little giant girl held it just high enough so that he could not reach it. No, he could not reach it at all, and he wanted that cake dreadfully much, he was so hungry.

Then the little giant girl said, "I wonder if he goes to sleep, Mamma; I'll try and put him to sleep. You little cutie dear, you!" and she hugged him and she kissed him again and again. Then she wrapped him in her pocket handkerchief, which was most as big as a tablecloth, but it was very dirty. Charlie did not like it at all. He kicked and he screamed, and he called out, "I don't want to go to sleep; I don't want to go to sleep." But she pulled his legs straight and wrapped her handkerchief tight around him and paid no attention to his cries *at all*.

Then she laid him down in the corner of

the couch. And what do you think? Charlie was so tired and so excited that he went fast asleep all in a minute.

But he didn't sleep long. He had hardly closed his eyes, when—whir-r-r-r, he found himself being snatched high, high in the air and the little giant girl's voice shouted in his ear. "He *was* asleep, Mamma. He does everything just like me. He sleeps and he eats and he walks and he talks—Mamma, did you think that there was ever *anything* so darling in the world? I tell you what, Mamma, may I go over and show him to Sophie? Do let me, *please*, Mamma."

And the little giant girl's mamma said she might go over and show Charlie to Sophie, but she must mind and not stay long.

Then the little giant girl unwound the handkerchief from around Charlie and she kissed him and hugged him again and again.

Charlie kicked and he kicked, and cried out, "I want to go home; I want to go

home!" but the giant girl paid no attention at all. She only said, "Listen to the darling noise he makes, Mamma—e-e-e-e-e-e—*—that's the noise he makes, Mamma.*" And she kissed Charlie again and again before she put him in her pocket, and started to run over to show him to Sophie.

There were lots of things in the little giant girl's pocket—doll's clothes, and nails, and pencils, and little sharp stones, and they all joggled around while she ran, and hurt Charlie most dreadfully.

He felt very unhappy and wondered if he would *ever* get home again and if he would *ever* see his Mother and his Daddy and his Auntie again.

Then—suddenly, what do you think? He saw a little speck of light at the bottom of the little giant girl's pocket. And the very next moment he fell right through and landed with a tremendous bang in the middle of the road. *The little giant girl had a*

hole in her pocket. And she went on running and running and she never knew till she got to Sophie's house that she had lost Charlie through that hole in her pocket!

As for Charlie, you can guess how fast *he* ran. Why, he ran and he ran and he never stopped running till he got home and in at the garden gate. He rushed into the living room where his Mother and his Auntie were sitting, wondering where on earth Charlie could be. Jane and Topsy were also sitting there and when they saw Charlie they both scurried quick, quick, under the bookcase the very moment that he came into the door.

"Oh, Mother!" said Charlie, and he was puffing and blowing, so fast had he been running. "Oh, Mother! Oh, Auntie! A dreadful little giant girl caught me, and she hugged me and she kissed me and she bovered me and teased me, and I ran away—and here I am."

Then he saw Jane and Topsy looking at him from under the bookcase, and he began to cry. "Oh, Mother, oh, Auntie, I don't think Jane and Topsy will *ever* love me because I have hugged them and kissed them and teased them and bovered them so—and I *do* love them so dreadfully much."

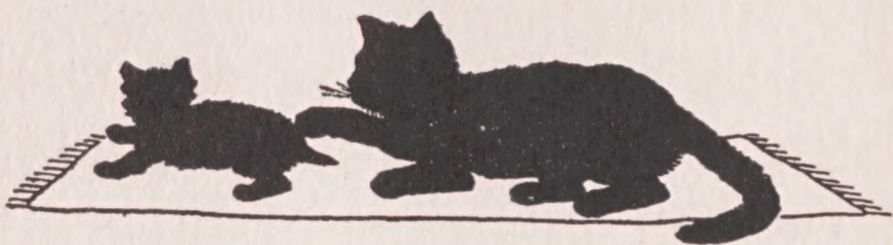
Then his Auntie said, "Cheer up, Charlie; go to my workbasket and I will show you how to make friends with Jane and Topsy." She gave Charlie a ball of pink yarn and fixed it so that it would not unwind. Then she told Charlie to roll it round and round in front of the bookcase. Very soon a little black paw came out, then another, and another, and soon Topsy was dancing all over the room after the pink yarn. Sometimes he danced on all four legs, sometimes on his two back ones, sometimes he jumped sideways, and sometimes he jumped straight up in the air. He seemed to be having such a good time, that suddenly out popped Jane

from her hiding place and started to join the game.

Well! never again did Charlie grab hold of Topsy or Jane against their will, never again did he carry Topsy around and pay no attention when the kitten called out, "Miaou, miaou."

No. From that day to this Charlie always played nicely with Topsy and did the things *he* liked, so that Topsy loved Charlie more than anybody else and followed him around everywhere.





WHY TOPSY DECIDED TO BE A KITTEN AFTER ALL

TOPSY was a nice little kitten and a dear little kitten, but he was not always a good little kitten. For one thing, Topsy did *not* like having his face washed.

Always and always when his Mother Jane wanted to wash his face, always and always Topsy would scamper off to play with Charlie, so that Jane hardly ever was able to catch him to wash his face.

Once it happened that Charlie went away to the country to visit his grandmother for a whole week. So Mother Jane had Topsy

all to herself without any in-ter-rup-tions from Charlie, and she could wash his face as much as ever she liked—and *she did!* But Topsy did not like it *at all*.

One day his Mother Jane was washing Topsy's face. She held him tight with all her four paws, and she twisted him this way and that way, while she washed his ears, and she licked him up and down until his fur stuck out all over him. And Topsy did not like it at all.

"Miaou, miaou, Mother Jane, miaou, miaou, I don't want to be washed. You've washed me three, four, *six* times this morning, and I don't want to be washed again. Miaou, miaou!"

Then Mother Jane said, digging her tongue here and there in his soft fur, "Topsy, you have got to be washed. You are a kitten, and kittens have *got* to be clean. All kittens are clean, and to be clean you've got to be washed."

“Well, I wish I wasn’t a kitten then,” said Topsy crossly. “If being a kitten means being washed all the time, I *won’t* be a kitten any longer!” and he jumped out of Mother Jane’s arms and scampered away.

Yes, Topsy scampered away from his mother, and out of the garden gate, and away, all by himself, down the street, until he came to the big forest where his mother had told him a kitten must *never* go alone.

But Topsy had made up his mind that he would not be a kitten any longer, though he did not know yet what he *would* be.

First he came to the rabbits and Mother Rabbit popped her head out of her hole. “Hello, Topsy,” said she. “Where are you going to, frisking along so fast, all by your lonesome?”

Topsy stopped, and flirted his tail. “I’ve decided that I am not going to be a kitten any longer. I want to be something else, but I don’t know what.”

"Why not be a rabbit?" called out all the rabbits, "and come and live with us?"

"I think that would be very nice," said Topsy, and he stepped down into the rabbit burrow and lived with the rabbits and was a rabbit himself.

But the baby rabbits could not get used to Topsy's long tail and his short little ears. When the grown-up rabbits were not looking, they teased him and laughed at him, and said, "Who ever heard of a rabbit with little short ears and a long, long tail? Ha—ha—ha! *What* a funny rabbit you are!"

Topsy did not like this at all. He did not like being laughed at. He thought of Charlie, and he thought of Mother Jane, and he thought of his friend Twinkle, the kitten who lived next door. *They* never laughed at him or teased him, no, *they* were always ready to pet him and play with him.

Nor did Topsy like the things that the rabbits had to eat—carrot and turnip tops



and lettuce leaves; but he had to eat them all the same, for Mother Rabbit was just as strict as his Mother Jane and made all the little rabbits, and Topsy too, eat up *everything* they had given them for dinner.

Poor Topsy often thought of the delicious, creamy milk, and the fish and the chopped meat that Charlie gave him to eat at home, and sometimes sponge cake, for a treat—he found that the rabbits had not even *heard* of sponge cake.

So one day he went to Mother Rabbit, and said very politely, “I don’t think I want to



The kitten Topsy goes to live with the squirrels

be a rabbit after all. I think that my ears are too short and my tail is too long, and they don't seem to have changed at all since I started to be a rabbit. I think I had better be something else."

Mother Rabbit said, "All right, Topsy, run along, and good luck to you. Come and visit us some day."

So Topsy ran along, and Mother Squirrel called down to him from a great tall tree, "Hello, Topsy, where are *you* going, frisking along all by your lonesome?"

And Topsy said, "I don't want to be a kitten any longer, or a rabbit, but I don't know what I want to be."

Then all the squirrels called out, "Come and be a squirrel, Topsy, and live with us!"

So Topsy climbed up in the tall tree and was a squirrel. All that day he played with the baby squirrels up in the branches and that night he slept with them in a hole in the ground.

But the next day the leaves had begun to turn yellow, and the nuts began to fall off the trees, and it had begun to be fall. Then Mother Squirrel said, "All you squirrels, you have played around all through the summer and now it is time for you to work, so that you will have enough to eat during the winter."

And she made all the baby squirrels, and Topsy too, as he was now a squirrel, pick up the nuts off the ground, and hide them in a hole in a tree where they could get at them when the winter had come and all the ground was covered with snow.

But Topsy had never worked in his life and he did not know how to. He thought that the nuts made splendid playthings, and he rolled them around here and there, and dug up those that the squirrels had buried, until Mother Squirrel got very angry; and she said, "All right, Topsy, you can play around now, but when the winter has come

and we all have to live in a hole in the tree, you will be sorry, because you will not have a thing to eat.”

That made Topsy think. He did not like the idea of living in a hole all through the winter at all, and he did not like the thought of having nothing to eat!

He thought of his nice home, and the jolly winter months he might have had playing with Charlie in front of the fire, and he thought of Mother Jane lying on the hearth-rug, so warm and soft to cuddle up against when he wanted to go to sleep. He thought of all the breakfasts and suppers and dinners that he would get without his having to do any work at all.

So Topsy decided that he did not want to be a squirrel after all. He went to Mother Squirrel and said very politely: “Thank you very much for letting me stay with you—but I don’t think I would make a good squirrel. I can’t pick up things with my

paws the way the other squirrels can. I think I had better be something else."

And Mother Squirrel said, "All right, Topsy, run along, and good luck to you. Come and visit us again some day."

So Topsy ran along, and he came to the brook where the beavers lived. Mother Beaver looked up and said, "Hello, Topsy, where are you going, frisking along all by your lonesome?"

Topsy said, "I don't want to be a kitten any longer, or a rabbit, or a squirrel, and I don't know what I want to be."

Then all the beavers said, "Come and live with us and be a beaver." So Topsy went and lived with the beavers.

All that day he lay on a rock, in the middle of the brook, and he watched the beavers working, while he dabbled his paws in the water and jumped after dragon flies.

But Mother Beaver said, "If you are going to be a beaver, you must do as the

beavers do, and not spend the day lazing in the sun. All beavers have to work, so come here where we are and help us to build this dam."

So Topsy had to work because he was a beaver. All day long he had to stand in the water, helping to build the dam. His poor little paws got cold and cramped, and his back hurt, but still he had to work.

It did not take Topsy long to decide that he did not want to be a beaver *at all*.

So he went to Mother Beaver and said very politely, "Thank you very much for letting me stay with you—but I don't think I want to be a beaver, after all. I think that, as I was born a kitten, I had better stay one."

The Mother Beaver said, "I think you are quite right. Look at the part of the dam you have been building—it does not look like a dam at all! You had better run straight home to your mother. Good-by, Topsy,

good luck to you. Come and visit us again some day."

So Topsy ran straight home to his Mother Jane, as fast as his little legs could carry him. He rushed right into the dining room, and there lay Mother Jane on the hearthrug.

And, my goodness! But Mother Jane was glad to see Topsy again—she was so glad that she did not scold him one single bit for running away. She just hugged him and licked him all over—and then, she began to wash him. She held him tight with all her four paws, and she twisted him this way and that, while she washed his ears, and she licked him up and down until his fur stuck out all around him. But Topsy did not mind a bit, he was so glad to be home again with his mother—he just sang p-r-r-r-r-rrrr at the top of his lungs.

Then, suddenly, he heard the front door open, and he heard the voice of Charlie's

Mother and his Auntie in the hall, and then he heard Charlie's own little voice calling out, "Where's my kitten Topsy?" Charles had just come back from the country! And Topsy dashed out of Mother Jane's grasp, and hurled himself through the open door and climbed right up Charlie into his arms.

Charlie's Mother and his Auntie cried out, "Why, here is Topsy, back again!" They were most happy and relieved that he had come back. They had worried all the time that he was away, and they had not dared to tell Charlie that his kitten had disappeared, for he would have been so terribly un-happy. And now Topsy had come back after all.

And *never again* did Topsy run away. Always, and always, after did he let Mother Jane wash him as much as ever she wanted to. Yes, until he was a big kitten and could wash his ownself, Topsy allowed Mother

Jane to wash him, and he never grumbled one little bit—so glad was he that he was a kitten and *not* a rabbit, or a squirrel, or a beaver.





HOW CHARLIE BECAME A LITTLE FISH

CHARLIE was a good little boy and a nice little boy. He was good most all the time, but *one* thing he did that was bad—he never would come out of the bathtub when his Mother or his Auntie were bathing him.

Again and again they would say, “Charlie, *will* you get out of the bathtub and come and be dried?” And again and again he would

wriggle out of their hands, which was easy, as he was all wet and slippery, and slip into the water again. And he'd splash and he'd splash, so that his Mother or his Auntie would get wet all over, and still he would not come out of the bathtub. The grocer would ring at the door, and the telephone would ring in the hall, and the kettle would boil over on the stove, and *still* Charlie would not come out of the bathtub.

No wonder that his Mother and his Auntie got ex-as-per-a-ted, and did not like giving Charlie his bath *at all*. So they took it in turns. One morning it was the Auntie's turn, and after she had soaped him well, and washed his back and behind his ears, and given him three minutes to splash about in, she said, "Now, Charlie, hop out and I'll dry you." And she said it again and again. But Charlie would not come out. He wriggled about just like an eel, and he splashed and he splashed, so that his Auntie got wet all

over, and when at last she began to get exasperated, and tried to catch hold of him, he yanked the bath towel out of her hand—and it fell splash into the water!

So his Auntie had to go down to the linen closet and get another towel, and no wonder she was quite cross. She put her arm in the water and took the stopper out, and she put it in her pocket, so that Charlie should not put it in again, and at the door she turned and she said: "I wish you were a little fish instead of a little boy, and then you could live in the water *always*." Then she went downstairs to get the bath towel.

But, O dear! The Auntie's fairy godmother must have been listening—for her wish *came true*.

Suddenly Charlie saw the sides of the bathtub get higher and higher, until they towered above him like shining white cliffs. And he found that he was no longer sitting on the bottom of the tub, but instead he was

swimming in the water. And the bathtub seemed to have grown ENORMOUS.

But it was Charlie who had become little; he had become a fish. The water swirled and swirled, for it was draining out through the waste pipe because the Auntie had taken the stopper out, and Charlie swam round and round nearer and nearer to the hole, and at last he went through with the last of the water and disappeared.

Yes, he disappeared down the waste pipe. And when the Auntie came back there was no Charlie. She called and she called, and she hunted and she hunted upstairs and down, but she could not find Charlie. He had ab-so-lute-ly disappeared.

Well, Charlie, who had become a fish, found himself swimming down a long dark tunnel, and he swam and he swam and still he swam, but he could not get to the end of that tunnel. He was dreadfully frightened and wondered if he would ever see the day-

light again. And at last he did. He saw a little round patch of light green in front of him, and he soon got to the end of the tunnel, and found himself in the river that was near his house.

A lot of other fishes were swimming around in the water, and above him he could see big ships sailing by.

As soon as they saw him, all the fishes came swimming up to him, and they said, "Hello, Charlie! So you are a fish now, and have come to live with us. Come along, we are going to swim to the ocean; it is a grand day for swimming to-day."

But Charlie was only a very new fish; he could not swim nearly as fast as the other fishes; soon they had left him far behind, and he found himself all alone in the big river.

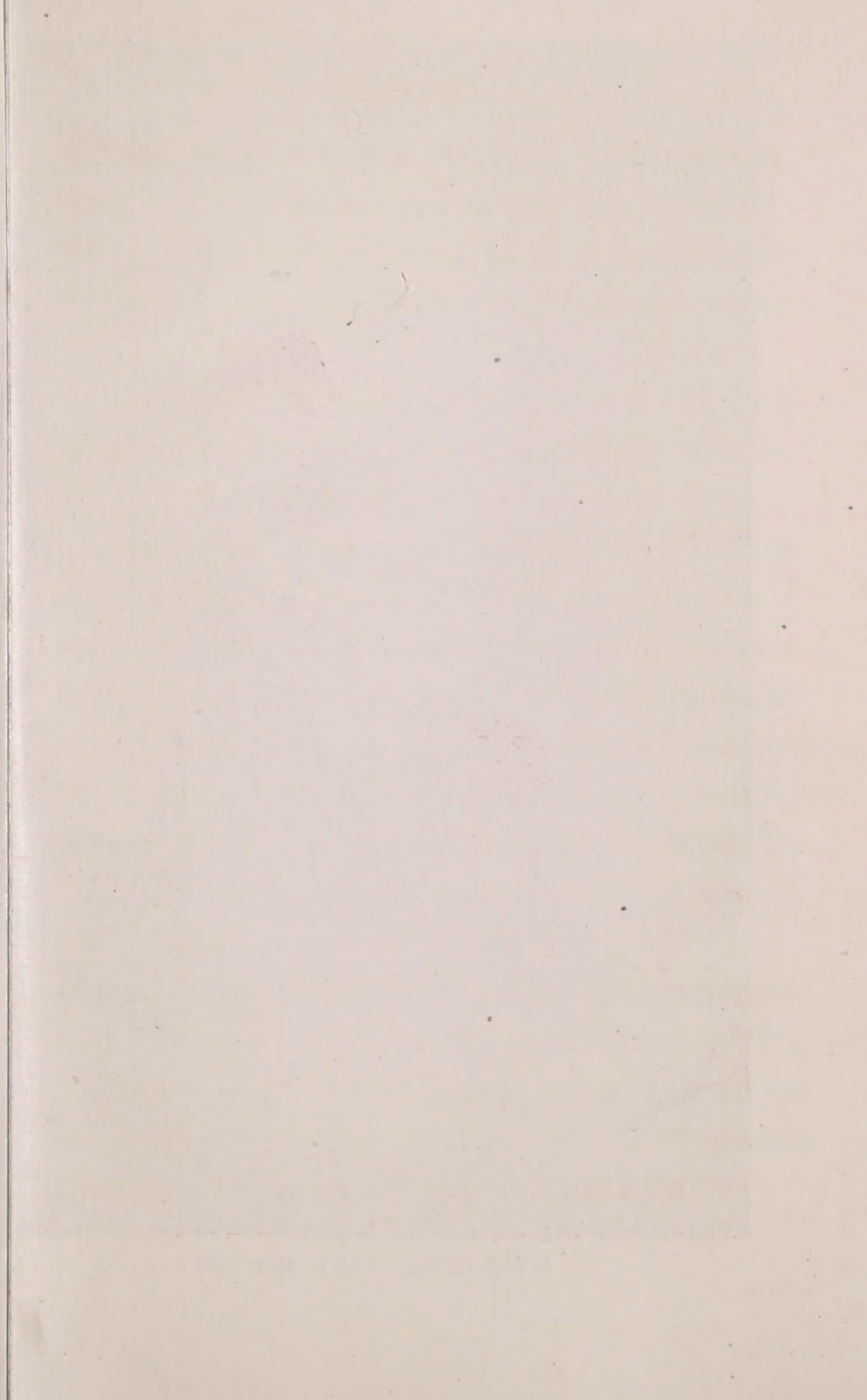
He felt frightened and swam close up to the banks, where it did not seem quite so strange. He could see the water-front,

where he walked every day with his Mother and his Auntie, and he could see some little girls and boys he knew playing about, while their mothers sat on the benches and watched them.

He was watching them so hard that he never looked where he was going, until he swam plump into the hands of a little boy, who was sitting at the edge of the river dabbling his hands in the water. The little boy was de-lighted. He called out, "I have caught a fish; I have caught a fish!" But then he saw what a very little fish it was that he had caught, and he knew that it was the right thing to put it back in the water again—when—what do you think?

Charlie's mother, who had finished her marketing, and was just taking a turn on the water-front before going home, passed by at the very moment that the boy was going to throw the fish back in the water.

And Charlie's mother saw what a darling





When Charlie was a little fish

little fish it was, and she thought she would like to have that little fish for her very own, so she said, "Don't throw that fish back into the water. Give it to me, and I will give you thirty-nine cents for it. I want to keep it in a glass bowl, because it is so pretty."

Then the boy gave the fish to Charlie's mother and she gave him thirty-nine cents. And she carried the fish home with her.

But when she got home and heard how Charlie had ab-so-lute-ly disappeared and nobody could find him anywhere, she was very unhappy. But she did not forget to put the little fish in a glass bowl full of water, and she set it on the table in the living room; then she sat down on a chair and cried, because Charlie had disappeared, and so did his Auntie cry.

So the days passed and Charlie was getting quite used to being a little fish. He lived in the glass bowl and his Mother fed him with bread crumbs—of course she did

not know that the little fish was Charlie. He swam around in the bowl, and looked out through the glass side at the living room, and he could see his Mother and his Auntie, so sad, so sad, because he was no longer there; he could see his toys in the corner of the room, his electric train, and his bricks, and the picture books his mother used to read to him at bedtime. And, oh! Charlie wished that he was a little boy again.

Yes, Charlie felt very unhappy indeed, and he would have been still more unhappy if it had not been for his kitten Topsy. From the very first minute that Charlie's Mother had brought the little fish home and put it in the glass bowl, Topsy had thought that there was something queer about that fish. He jumped up on the table and he patted the bowl with his paws, and he thought that there was something very queer indeed. And then one day he knew what it was—he recognized

that the little fish in the glass bowl was *Charlie!* After Topsy knew that the little fish was Charlie, he *always*, every day, jumped up on the table and lay beside the glass bowl, purring and purring.

Charlie's Mother and his Auntie were much surprised. They said, "What makes that kitten act like that? Why is he always sitting on the table, and patting with his paws on the glass bowl, and purring?"

They could not understand it a bit. But it comforted Charlie very much to have Topsy sitting beside him all day long.

One day his Mother and his Auntie were sitting together in the living room, and they were talking about Charlie. "Oh," said his Auntie, "Charlie was such a nice little boy, he was such a good little boy, he was such a *dear* little boy, I *wish* he would come back from wherever he is and be our own little boy again."



And what do you think? Again the Auntie's fairy godmother must have been listening, for again she got her wish.

Suddenly they heard a loud CRACK, and Topsy sprang up in the air, as the bowl in which the little fish had lived broke in two.

and the water streamed all over the table. And *there* was *Charlie* sitting on the edge of the table, without anything on him, and wet all over, just as he was when his Auntie had last seen him!

The very next morning when his Auntie was bathing him, after she had soaped him and washed his back and behind his ears and given him three minutes to splash about in, she said, "Now, Charlie, hop out of the bath-tub and come and be dried." And the very first time she said it, Charlie hopped right out of the water into the bath towel that she was holding ready for him.

The Auntie *was* surprised and she said, "Oh, I *wish* you would always jump out of your bath, quick like that, when I tell you to."

And what do you think? *Again* the Auntie's fairy godmother must have been listening, for she got her wish. Always and always after that Charlie came jumping

straight out of the bathtub the very first moment that his Mother or his Auntie told him to.





HOW CHARLIE TOOK ROOT

CHARLIE was a nice little boy and a dear little boy—but for *one* thing. Always when Charlie went for a walk with his Mother and his Auntie, always and *always* he lagged behind, and he dragged his feet, and he walked so slowly, so slowly, that his

Mother and his Auntie got quite ex-as-per-a-ted. Again and again his Mother and his Auntie said to him, "Hurry up, Charlie; *don't* lag behind, *don't* drag your feet, *do* walk up—we are late for dinner."

Charlie would pay no attention *at all*. He would just walk slower and slower and still slower until he didn't seem to be walking at all.

One day Charlie was out walking with his Auntie in the park. As always his Auntie was in front, and way, way behind walked Charlie—going along so slowly, dragging his feet, and walking so slowly that he hardly seemed to be moving at all. Again and again his Auntie turned round and called out: "Hurry up Charlie, *do*—we are five—six—*seven* minutes late for dinner! Lift up your feet and walk fast."

But Charlie walked slower and slower and he almost seemed to stand still, so slowly did he walk.

Then his Auntie began to feel quite cross with Charlie and at last she called out in an ex-as-per-a-ted voice, "I declare to goodness, Charlie, if you don't move your feet a little faster you will take root, and maybe grow into a little tree instead of a little boy."

But Charlie paid no attention at all. Slowly he lifted one foot, and then he tried to lift the other—when, what do you think? He found that he *could* not—his foot had stuck fast.

Charlie pulled and he pulled, but his foot would not come loose. Then Charlie got quite scared and he called out, "Auntie, Auntie, do come and help me—my foot has got stuck and I can't get it loose."

Of course his Auntie came hurrying back immediately, and she took hold of Charlie and she pulled and she pulled, but she could not make his foot move one little bit—he was stuck hard and fast. Yes, Charlie's foot had taken root.

At last his Auntie said—and she was puffing and blowing and her face was quite red, so hard had she been pulling—“I just *can't* do it, Charlie. I will have to try and dig you up.”

Then she took Charlie's spade and she began to dig him up. And she dug and she dug and—suddenly a great big voice boomed out, “What are you doing?” And there was the Park Policeman looking down at Charlie and his Auntie with an awful frown on his face.

His Auntie began to explain and she said, “This little boy has taken root because he was walking so slowly, so slowly, and I am trying to dig him up again.”

But the Policeman said, “Haven't you read the rules? It is *against the law* to dig up anything in the park and if you go on doing it I will take you straight to prison.”

Then Charlie's Auntie began to cry, and she said: “Oh, *dear* Mr. Policeman, *please*



let me dig up Charlie! He does not belong in the park, really and truly he does not—he has only just taken root.”

But the Policeman shook his head still harder, and said in a loud and haughty voice, “It is against the law.”

So poor Charlie had to stay all by himself in the park, while his Auntie hurried home to tell his Mother and his Daddy and Topsy and Jane of the terrible thing that had happened to him.

And they all put their heads together and they thought and they thought about what they should do to get Charlie home again—and nobody could think of a single thing.

Every morning Charlie's Mother and his Auntie came and brought him his breakfast, and they brought his dinner and his supper, too. All through the day either his Mother or his Auntie sat beside him and they told him stories to amuse him. They also brought the kitten Topsy to play with him.

But when the sun went down behind the trees his Mother and his Auntie had to kiss Charlie "Good night," and go home, because the park gates were always locked at night.

Poor Charlie! Do you think he had to stay all by himself in the park after his Mother and his Auntie had gone home?

No, he did not. The kitten Topsy *never* went home. All through the night he stayed with Charlie, and when he had played

around enough and climbed all the trees he curled himself upon Charlie's foot—the one that was stuck in the ground—and went to sleep.

And every morning, as soon as the sun woke up, Topsy the kitten woke up, too—and what do you think? The moment he woke up, Topsy began to dig around Charlie's foot. Every morning he dug and he dug. His little paws were very weak and the ground was very hard, so he could only dig a little tiny bit every day, because as soon as the Park Policeman woke up and came to walk in the park, Topsy had to leave off digging or the Policeman would have chased him away—as it is against the law to dig in the park.

Yes, every morning as soon as the sun got up, Topsy started digging around Charlie's foot, and the squirrels in the park came up to see what was going on and soon they began to dig too. Little by little the earth got

looser and looser around Charlie's foot. And the Park Policeman did not know one thing about it.

One day, early in the morning, Charlie's Mother and his Auntie came to see him in the park, and they brought his breakfast—and they brought his dinner, too. Charlie saw that both his Mother and his Auntie had on their best clothes, and it was not Sunday either.

Then his Mother said: "Charlie, we will be away all day. We are going to say good-bye to Grandmamma; to-morrow she is going to the seaside and we must tell her that we cannot go with her this year, as we can not leave you growing all by yourself in the park."

When he heard this Charlie felt most dreadfully sad. Every single summer he and his Mother and his Auntie went with his Grandmamma to the seaside, and all through the fall and the winter and the spring Charlie

would look forward and count the weeks until it would be summer again and time to go to the seaside. And now he couldn't go!

His Mother and his Auntie kissed him good-by and began to walk away, and Charlie dreadfully wanted to go, too.

He began to pull at his foot—and he pulled and he pulled. The earth was nice and loose where Topsy and the squirrels had dug around him—and he pulled and he pulled and he PULLED—and—*his foot came up by the roots!* Yes, it did. There was Charlie standing with both feet above ground and the foot that had been stuck in the earth had hundreds of little thin roots growing out of it. But they all fell off when Charlie shook his foot.

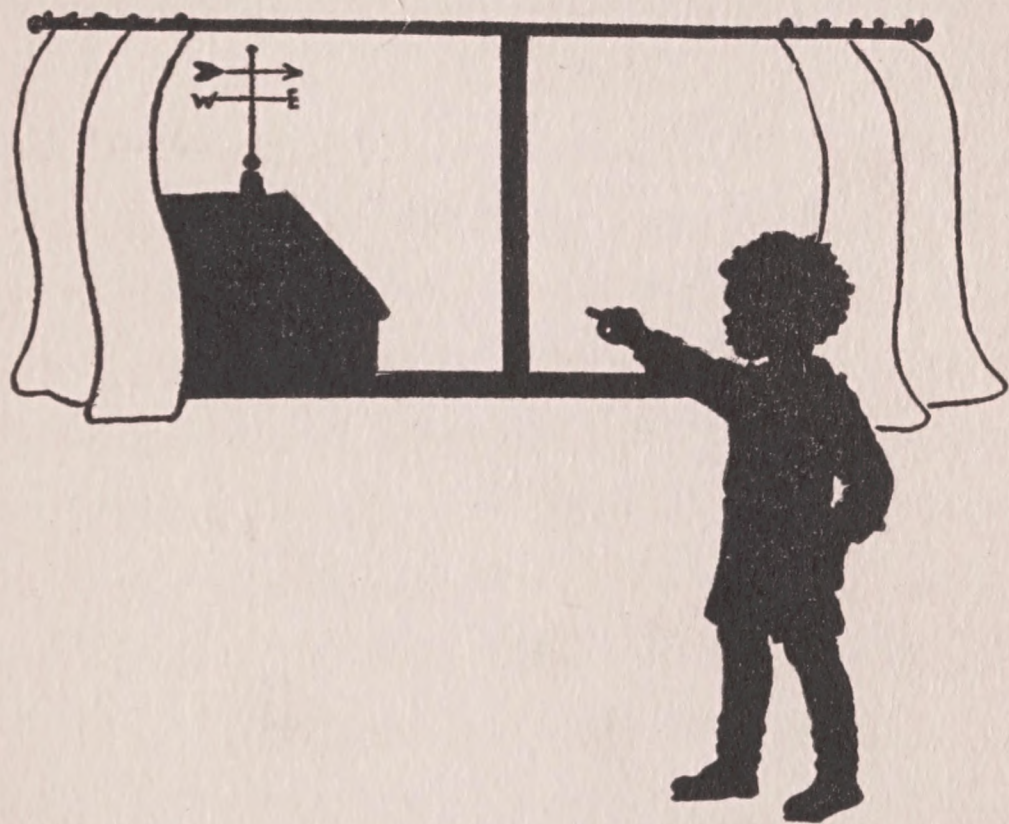
Then he began to run after his Mother and his Auntie, calling out at the top of his lungs, "Mother, Auntie, stop for me, stop for me."

So his Mother and his Auntie turned

round, and, my goodness!—*how* surprised and excited they were when they saw Charlie running toward them and the kitten Topsy running after Charlie.

Well, Charlie and his Mother and his Auntie *did* go to the seaside after all, and of course Topsy went, too. Charlie carried him himself in a nice little basket, all the time they were on the train, and Topsy did not like that part of it *at all*. But he loved it once they got to the seaside as much as Charlie did, and you can believe that the two of them had the grandest time digging in the sand.

But never again, no *never* did Charlie lag behind when he was out walking with his Mother and his Auntie—never, *never*, did he lift one foot slowly after the other. No, indeed, for months afterward if Charlie had to stand still even for a little while he used to jump from one foot to the other, so afraid was he of taking root again.



HOW THE WIND CHANGED

CHARLIE was a good little boy and a dear little boy—but for *one* thing. He almost always got out on the wrong side of his bed. And when Charlie got out of the wrong side of his bed, he would come down to breakfast looking as cross as cross could be—he

would scowl at his oatmeal and glare at his glass of milk, until his Mother and his Daddy and his Auntie felt most sad and most depressed.

It is true that long before Charlie had finished his glass of milk, and started in on his bread and honey, he would begin being cheerful and merry and go on being cheerful and merry all through the day, but his cross face when he said, "Good morning" made his Mother and his Daddy and his Auntie feel sad all the same.

Again and again his Mother and his Auntie said to him: "Charlie, *do* try not to get out on the wrong side of your bed. It does make us so sad and so de-pressed when we see you come down to breakfast with a cross look on your face. *Do* try as hard as ever you can *always* to get out on the *right* side and come down to breakfast with a jolly smile on your face."

But Charlie paid no attention *at all*. He

just went on getting out on the wrong side of his bed and coming down to breakfast as cross as cross could be.

One day Charlie got out of bed most *dreadfully* much on the wrong side—maybe he had eaten too much candy the night before, but anyhow he was crosser than he had ever been in his life.

He came down to breakfast and his face was all screwed up in a most terrible frown, and he stood in the doorway and scowled at his Mother and his Daddy and his Auntie. And he did not say, "Good morning" to anybody at all.

Then his Auntie said, "Oh, Charlie, what an awful face. Hurry up and smile, or maybe the wind will change and you will stay looking just as you look now!"

But Charlie paid no attention at all. He just looked as cross as cross could be—he looked cross enough to scare anybody. His mouth was all drawn down at the corners,

and his eyes were all screwed up under his eyebrows, and he wouldn't look at his Mother or his Daddy or his Auntie at all.

No, Charlie looked straight out of the window, and he kept his back turned to his Mother and his Daddy and his Auntie. He wouldn't look at anything on the table, not at his oatmeal or his milk or even his bread and honey; he just went on looking out of the window.

Yes, Charlie looked out of the window, and he could see the garage and he could see the weather vane on the roof of the garage. The weather vane was pointing to the southwest and Charlie glared at the weather vane with a *most* fer-o-cious glare, when suddenly—what do you think? That weather vane turned all the way round. Yes, the weather vane turned around and around, until it pointed to the northeast. The wind had changed! It looked so funny swirling around that Charlie wanted to laugh right

out; he did not feel one tiny bit cross any more. He turned around to his Mother to tell her to look at the funny old weather vane, when he saw himself in the looking glass at the back of the sideboard—and what do you think? Though Charlie did not feel one tiny bit cross any more, *his face was still all screwed up in a most fer-o-cious scowl*. Yes, sir—the wind had changed and Charlie's face had stayed the way it was!

Try as he could, Charlie could *not* look happy or pleasant. There he sat, scowling at his oatmeal and glaring at his glass of milk, so that everybody felt sad and most depressed.

When breakfast was over and his Daddy had to go off to business, Charlie was still looking as cross as cross could be. And his Daddy said good-by to his Mother and his Auntie, but he did not say good-by to Charlie. He did not want to say good-by to such a cross-looking little boy.

Always and always when Charlie had finished his breakfast, first thing he went into the kitchen to give Topsy the kitten *his* breakfast. But on this morning, when Topsy saw Charlie coming with that awful cross look on his face, he was so scared that he crawled right under the kitchen stove and he wouldn't come out, no matter how much Charlie called him and held out his saucer of cream to him. No, Topsy would not come out from under the kitchen stove until Charlie went out of the kitchen, so frightened was he at Charlie's terrible scowl.

Poor Charlie began to feel very miserable, for his Mother and his Auntie would not be nice to him, because he looked so dreadfully cross. Again and again his Mother and his Auntie said, "We won't do a single thing for a little boy with such a cross look on his face. As soon as you are a cheerful little boy and a pleasant little boy again, your Mother and your Auntie will be nice to you and tell you

stories and think up nice things to amuse you."

But of course Charlie *could not* look pleasant. How could he when the wind had changed and made his face stay the way it was when he was scowling so terribly?

So he just had to sit down on a chair and look out of the window, and he felt absolute-ly MISERABLE.

When Charlie had been miserable for hours and hours there came a ring at the doorbell, and of course he ran downstairs to see who it was and—what do you think? It was Charlie's Uncle Jim who lived way out west! Two, three, sometimes four times a year Uncle Jim came east and visited Charlie's Mother and his Daddy and his Auntie.

Uncle Jim liked Charlie most awfully much and he always gave him a perfectly *grand* time whenever he came on a visit.

So when Charlie saw who it was, he forgot

how miserable he was, and he rushed to Uncle Jim and flung himself into his arms.

Of course his Uncle looked most surprised and shocked when he saw the awful scowl on Charlie's face—he almost always came down late to breakfast, so he did not know that Charlie ever looked like that. He said, "Hello, old Scout—what's troubling you? Do you think this will cheer you up?" And he drew two tickets out of his pocket—yes, they were two tickets for the circus!

The tickets were for that very afternoon, so, though Charlie was still looking as cross as ever, as soon as ever dinner was over Uncle Jim and Charlie went to the circus.

Of course the circus was wonderful, and Charlie and Uncle Jim sat in the very first row. The clown was the funniest clown that anybody ever did see and everybody was laughing as hard as they could.

That is everybody but Charlie. There he sat, looking as cross as cross could be, and



Charlie looks crossly at the funny clown

his mouth was all drawn down and his forehead screwed up so that he looked the cross-est little boy that ever was.

At last his Uncle Jim said to him, "Charlie, I don't believe you are enjoying the circus one bit—I think we had better go away."

And Charlie said again and again, "I *do* like it; I like it most awfully. I do, I *do*, I **DO**."

But when his Uncle Jim saw him still looking so cross he could not believe it, and he got up and went out of the circus and Charlie had to follow.

Then Uncle Jim said, "Let's go and have something nice to eat." So he went into a candy shop. They sat down at a little round table, and Uncle Jim said, "What do you like to eat more than anything else?"

And Charlie said, "I like hot chocolate *and* whipped cream *and* sponge cake more than anything else in the world."

So the waitress brought two cups of chocolate, all foaming and white with the whipped cream, and two plates with big pieces of sponge cake. Charlie took a big bite of sponge cake and it was most delicious, and he took a sip of chocolate and it was more delicious yet.

But do you think he looked as if it tasted good? No, he did not. Charlie scowled so dreadfully at the delicious chocolate and at the sponge cake that Uncle Jim began to get worried, and he said, "Charlie, I don't believe that you like that chocolate or that sponge cake one little bit. I think we had better go home."

But though Charlie said again and again, "Oh, I *love* it; I think it's most delicious. It is the most delicious chocolate I ever tasted," his Uncle Jim could not believe him—how could he when Charlie looked so cross?

So his Uncle Jim got up and left the candy

shop to go home, and Charlie had to follow, though he had taken only one sip of his delicious chocolate and one bite of sponge cake.

Yes, Uncle Jim took Charlie home and he told Charlie's Mother and his Auntie how cross and unhappy he had been, and how he had not enjoyed the circus, or the chocolate and whipped cream, *or* the sponge cake one little bit.

Then his Mother and his Auntie were quite worried. And his Mother said, "It is strange. Charlie has been cross all day. I am afraid he is sick; I will give him some castor oil and put him to bed, and if he is not better in the morning I will send for the doctor."

So Charlie's Mother gave him some nasty horrid castor oil and put him to bed, and he was so unhappy that he went to sleep.

He slept and he slept and he didn't wake up until next morning. And it was dreadfully late. It was so late that Topsy the kit-

ten came up to see what had happened to Charlie, and climbed up on the bed and tickled him under the chin with his paw. And that is what woke Charlie up. The sun was shining in at the window, and downstairs he could hear his Mother and his Daddy and his Auntie eating their breakfast in the dining room. It certainly was most awfully late.

Charlie sprang out of bed and he was in such a hurry that he got out on the right side. He started putting on his stockings, when he remembered the dreadful thing that had happened to him yesterday. You can be sure that he jumped up quickly and looked into the looking glass. And it was a jolly, laughing face that he saw in the glass—*the scowl had gone*. Charley was puzzled and he looked out of the window at the weather vane. Yes, the wind had changed again and was now pointing to the west.

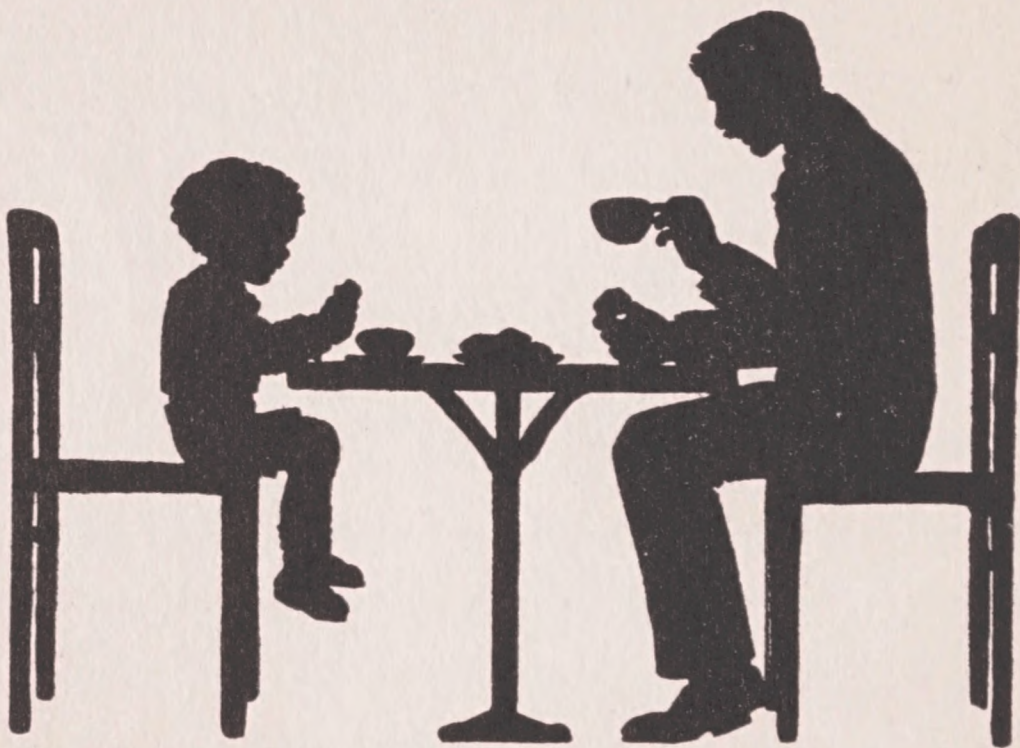
Charley felt so happy that he ran down to

the dining room, and he was still in his night clothes. He rushed up to his Mother and hugged her tight, then he hugged his Daddy, and then he hugged his Auntie—and weren't they just pleased when they saw their little Charlie looking jolly and happy again!

Then Uncle Jim came downstairs. I told you he was always late for breakfast; and he said, "Hello, old Scout. You seem to be feeling pretty good this morning. How would it be if we had our party all over again to-day?"

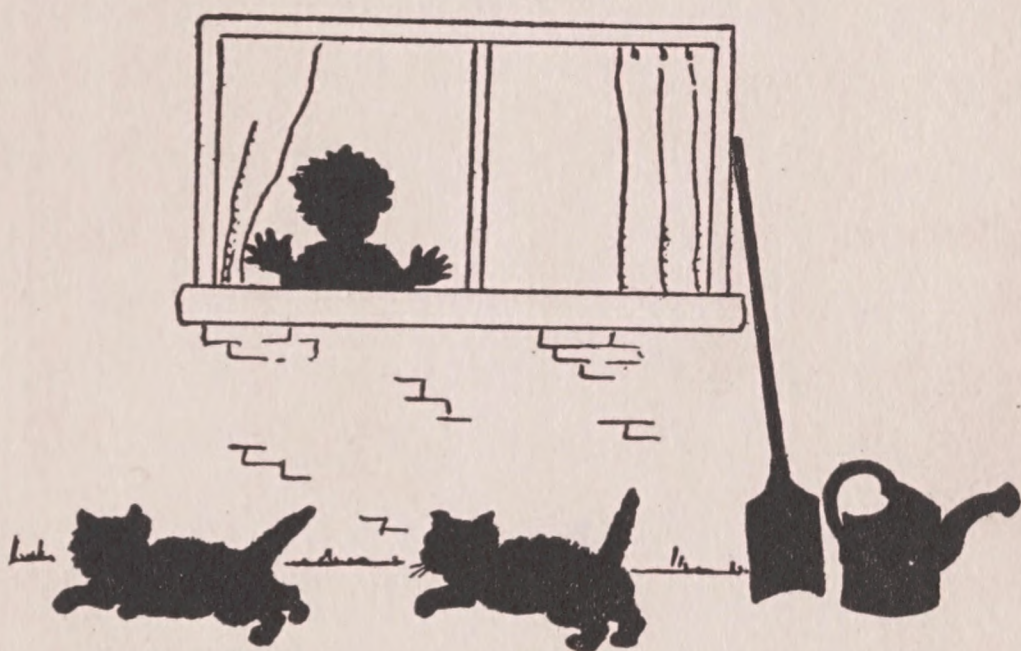
And so they did. Charlie and Uncle Jim went to the circus again that very afternoon. Again they sat in the first row and the clown was funnier than ever. And—the conjuror man, when he saw what a jolly-looking little boy Charlie was, *ac-tu-ally* borrowed Charlie's pocket handkerchief in front of everybody and made a live rabbit come out of it!

When the circus was over they went to



the candy shop and had hot chocolate with whipped cream, and sponge cake. Charlie had two cups of chocolate and three pieces of sponge cake—and yet he did not feel sick one little bit.

But never again—*no, never*—did Charlie get out of the wrong side of his bed and come down to breakfast with a nasty cross scowl on his face. No, indeed he did not, for supposing the wind should change again—and *never* change back!



HOW TOPSY CLIMBED A TREE

CHARLIE's kitten Topsy was a nice little kitten and a dear little kitten, but he was not always a good little kitten. No, Topsy did not always do what his Mother Jane told him to, and sometimes he got into trouble.

One day Charlie had a cold and he had to

stay in the house all the morning. It was a sunny day, and Charlie's Mother and his Auntie said that it was not good for Topsy to stay in the house all day with Charlie; they said he ought to go out and play in the sun, so they put him out in the garden and shut the door.

Topsy did not like to be shut out in the garden without Charlie to play with; he did not know what to do with himself. He tried to play with his Mother Jane, but Jane was lying dozing in the sun. She was very comfortable, and she did not want to run around and play with Topsy; she wanted to sleep. When Topsy scampered around her and tickled her ears and pulled her tail, Jane boxed his ears, so that he should leave her in peace.

Then Topsy walked off and he walked up and down the garden path, and dug a hole here and a hole there, and he felt most *awfully* bored.

Suddenly he heard a sound, something between a p-r-r-r and a m-i- m-i-a-o-u. He looked up, and there was the kitten who lived next door, standing on the fence. When she saw Topsy she jumped down and arched her back and came dancing sideways up to Topsy—and in two and a half seconds they had made friends.

The next door kitten's name was Twinkle, and she was a little bigger than Topsy. She said to him in kitten language, "Let's play tag."

So they started to play tag. Charlie was looking out of the dining room window, and he saw Twinkle and Topsy chasing each other down the garden paths. Twinkle could run the faster, as she was thin and long-legged, while Topsy was plump and round-about. But one time, when Twinkle had stopped to sniff at a daffodil, Topsy very nearly got her, so nearly that his whiskers brushed her tail, and he was just going to

call out "Tag" when—what do you think? Twinkle was up in a tree and laughing at Topsy through the branches.

"Oh, Twinkle," cried Topsy in amazement, "when did you learn how to climb a tree? I want to climb, too; I want to climb, too. Show me how, Twinkle, *please*."

So Twinkle climbed down the tree and she said, "It's quite easy, Topsy; see here, first you put one paw up the tree, and then you put the other paw up, and then you put the third paw up, and then you put the fourth paw up, and then—scrabble, scrabble, scrabble, you are up the tree."

So Topsy put one paw up, and then he put the other paw up, and then he put the third paw up, and then—he fell plump to the ground again. He tried again and again, one paw up, two paws up, three paws up—and plump down to the ground again.

Twinkle kept saying, "Oh stupid, it's quite easy, watch me do it." And up the

tree she'd climb and down again, and it *did* look as easy, as easy.

Then Mother Jane woke up and she saw what Topsy was trying to do. She said, "Topsy, do *not* try to climb that tree; you are too little to climb trees; when you are as old as Twinkle you can climb all the trees you want to, but you are too little now. Run along and play a nice game with Twinkle, and leave that tree alone." And she went off behind the barn and went to sleep again.

But Topsy was *de-ter-mined* to climb that tree. He paid no attention to what his Mother had said to him, so *de-ter-mined* was he to climb that tree.

Twinkle said to him, "Come along, Topsy, let's chase that butterfly—you will never climb that tree. Besides, your mother told you not to."

But Topsy paid no attention at all. He went on trying to climb the tree, and Twinkle went off to chase the butterfly by herself.

The butterfly flew over the fence, and Twinkle went over after it—and still Topsy was trying to climb the tree.

Again and again he tried—one paw up, two paws up, three paws up, but it always ended with “Four paws up and *plump* down to the ground again.”

At last he gritted his little teeth, and he said, “I *will* do it!” and he dug his claws so hard into the bark, that—what do you think? Topsy did *not* fall plump down to the ground again. No, there was Topsy with all four paws stuck into the tree, and—scrabble, scrabble, scrabble, he was at the top of the tree!

Oh, but he was a proud kitten. He called out, “Mother Jane, Twinkle, come quick! Look at me—I have climbed the tree.”

Then Twinkle came climbing over the garden fence, and Mother Jane came running from behind the barn, and when they saw Topsy perched high up on the topmost

branch Twinkle called out, "Oh, what a clever Topsy! See, he can climb a tree like a great big cat."

But Mother Jane was worried. She knew Topsy was too little to climb trees, so she said, "Oh, Topsy, you *bad* little cat! Did I not say that you were not to climb that tree? Come down *immediately*."

Well—Topsy looked down from the top branch of that great tall tree and the ground looked very far away. And he said in a very little, tiny voice, "I don't know how to climb down."

"Oh!" cried Twinkle, jumping up and down and bobbing her tail, "it is easy, as easy. You put one paw down, and the other paw down, and the third paw down, and the fourth paw down—then scrabble, scrabble, scrabble, you run down the tree."

So Topsy put one paw down. But the ground looked so very far away, he was scared, and put his paw back again safely

on the branch of the tree. Then he tried with the other front paw, but the ground looked just as far away—and Topsy *could not* make up his mind to run down that great tall tree.

Then Mother Jane went off to her dinner, feeling very worried, and Twinkle climbed over the fence, for her dinner was ready, too—but Topsy up in the tree did not have any dinner *at all*.

He cried “M-i-a-o-u, m-i-a-o-u!” And when Jane came back and saw that Topsy was still up in the tree, she sat down and cried “M-i-a-o-u, m-i-a-o-u!” And they both went on crying, “M-i-a-o-u, m-i-a-o-u” until Charlie could not bear it any longer.

He ran upstairs to his Mother and his Auntie and he told them all about it—how poor Topsy was up in the tree and he could not get down.

His Mother and his Auntie said, “Oh, poor Topsy; we will see if we can get him

down.” Then his Mother got the stepladder out of the kitchen and she carried it into the garden and propped it against the trunk of the tree and started to climb up it. But, O dear! The ladder was much too short, and even when his Mother stood on the topmost rung and stretched her arms way up, she could not even *nearly* reach up to where Topsy was miaouing away at the top of his lungs.

Then his Auntie said, “What *shall* we do? I am sure that we can never get a stepladder long enough to reach up to the top of such a tall tree. Why, the only ladder that would be long enough is the fireman’s ladder!” At that the Mother and the Auntie looked at each other, and they both called out at the same time, “Why, that is an idea! We will telephone the Fire Department and see if they will help us.”

So the Auntie went indoors and telephoned to the Fire Department. And—

what do you think? *Five minutes* after Charlie's Aunt had telephoned there came a tremendous ringing of bells along the road, so that people flung open their windows and looked out, and little boys came dashing out of the houses—for it was a *fire engine!*

And the fire engine stopped at Charlie's gate, and a fireman got out, and he unhooked the long ladder from the side of the engine, and shot it up against the tree where Topsy was. Then the fireman climbed up higher and higher until he reached the top of the tree, and he held out his hand and grabbed hold of Topsy, and swung him on to his shoulder, where the bad little kitten perched as proud as proud can be, and arched his back, and waved his tail, as if he had never been scared one little bit.

Well, the fireman got safely down the tree with Topsy on his shoulder, and he shook hands with Charlie and asked him if



The fireman helps Topsy down the tree

he was going to be a fireman when he grew up.

My word! You should have seen how jealous all the little boys were who were looking over the fence; when they saw the fireman shaking hands with Charlie.

As for Topsy, you may be sure that it was a long, *long* time before he climbed up that tree again. No, Topsy did not climb that tree again until he was a *big* kitten, and Mother Jane told him that he might.

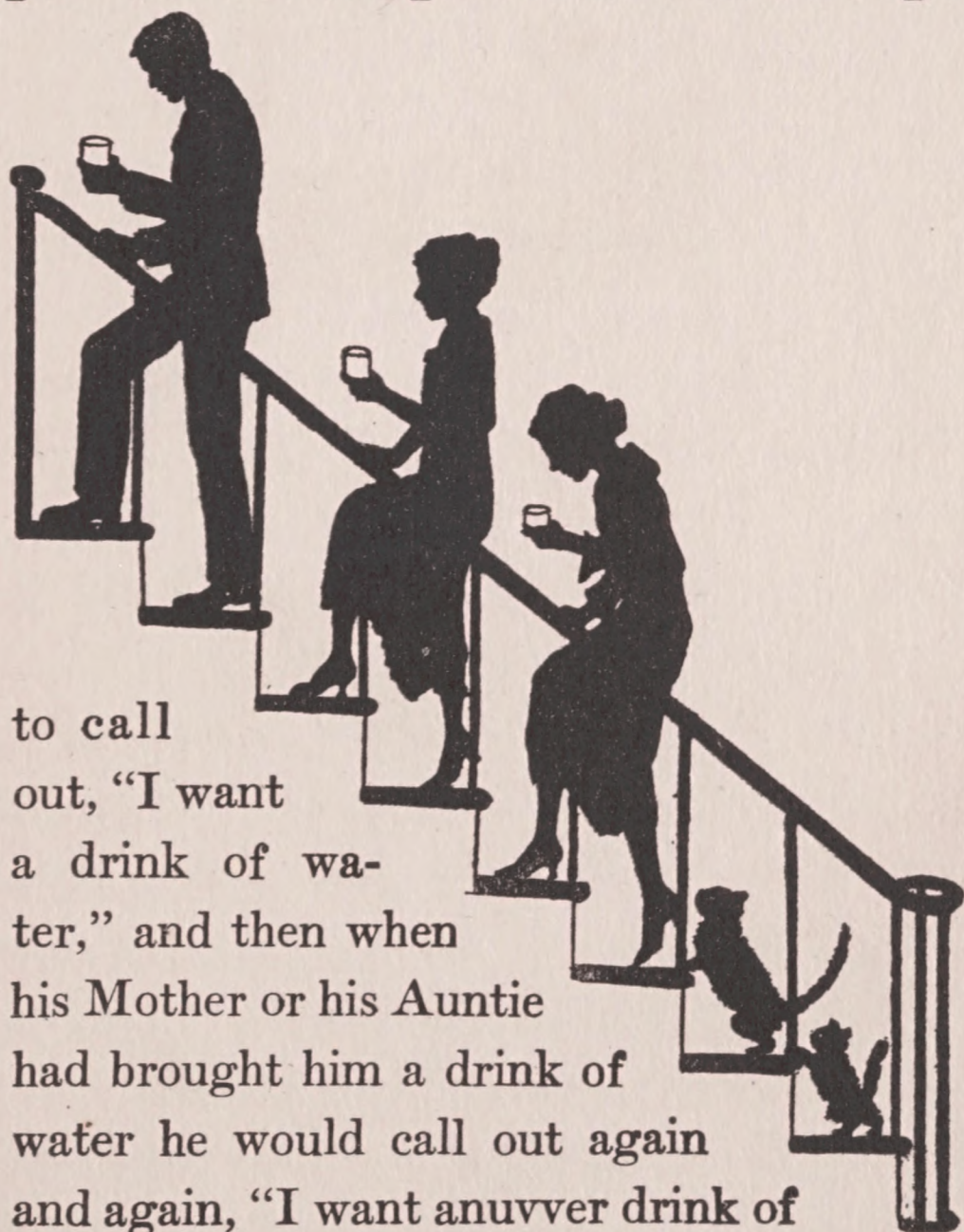




HOW CHARLIE GREW LITTLER INSTEAD OF BIGGER

CHARLIE was a nice little boy and a good little boy—he was good every single minute of the day, when he came down to breakfast, when he had his bath, when he went for his walk, right up to when he was tucked up in his little white bed. And then—he was most *dreadfully* bad. For Charlie would *not* go to sleep. No, Charlie never would go to sleep. Night after night his Mother or his Auntie tucked him snugly

into his little white bed and kissed him good night. And night after night the very minute that his Mother or his Auntie had gone downstairs again Charlie would begin



to call out, "I want a drink of water," and then when his Mother or his Auntie had brought him a drink of water he would call out again and again, "I want anuvver drink of

water." Four, five, *six* times would Charlie call out that he wanted a drink of water!

Again and again would his Mother and his Daddy and his Auntie say to Charlie, "Charlie, you must go to sleep. Little boys and little girls have to sleep a whole lot, because they grow when they are asleep, and if they do not go to sleep at the proper time they will not grow big at all."

But Charlie paid no attention *whatever*. When he simply could *not* drink another glass of water, he would call out, "I want to kiss Daddy good night"—and then, "I want to kiss Mother good night"—and then, "I want to kiss Auntie good night"—and then, "I want to kiss Topsy good night"—and then, "I want to kiss Jane good night."

And when he had kissed them all good night, do you think Charlie would go to sleep then? He would not. No, Charlie was de-ter-mined not to go to sleep. So he would

sing to himself and talk to himself, to keep himself awake until his Mother and his Auntie and his Daddy came upstairs to bed.

Night after night did Charlie act like this. Night after night did Charlie stay awake until his Mother and his Daddy and his Auntie came up to bed.

One night Charlie was even more dreadfully bad than usual. He started being bad even before he was in bed! Yes, Charlie decided to himself that he would not go to bed at all.

When his Mother said to him, "Charlie, it is time for you to go to bed. Put up your toys, kiss everybody good night, and come along up"; Charlie began to whine, "I don't want to go to bed, I don't want to go to bed. I want to stay up five minutes more." So his Mother and his Auntie and his Daddy let Charlie stay up five minutes more. But when the five minutes were up, Charlie still

would not go to bed. He began to cry and to whine, "I don't want to go to bed. I don't want to go to bed. Let me stay up another five minutes more."

But his Mother said, "No, it is time for all little boys to be in bed; hurry up now and put up your toys and come along."

But Charlie paid no attention at all. He went on crying and roaring, "I don't want to go to bed, I don't want to go to bed, I DON'T WANT TO GO TO BED," until his Daddy became quite ex-as-per-a-ted, and called out in an angry voice, "Will you do as your Mother says? Put away your toys and GO TO BED!"

Then Charlie, still crying and whining, began to put his toys away, but he put them away slowly, so slowly, one by one—he put them away so slowly that it would have taken him all night to put them all away.

At last his Mother would not wait any

longer, and she picked Charlie up and carried him up to bed.

Do you think that Charlie was good then and went to sleep? He did not.

Again and again Charlie called out, "I want a drink of water, I want a drink of water, I want a drink of water," until his Mother and his Daddy and his Auntie got pains in their legs from going up and down the stairs so many times.

And he called down that he wanted to kiss his Mother and his Daddy and his Auntie and Topsy and Jane, "Good night," so often that it was almost time to kiss everybody "Good morning."

At last his Auntie came upstairs and she said to him: "Charlie, I have told you again and again, that little boys must go to sleep, so that they will grow into big boys. And I declare to goodness, if you go on being such a bad little boy, keeping awake all night and

never going to sleep till your Mother and your Daddy come up to bed, *you will grow littler instead of bigger!*”

But Charlie paid no attention at all—he still would not go to sleep. He talked and he sang to himself and tried to keep himself awake long after his Mother and his Auntie and his Daddy had gone to bed.

I am afraid Charlie was most dreadfully bad.

The next morning when Charlie came down to breakfast he looked very queer indeed. What do you think? His trousers hung down way below his knees, and the sleeves of his blouse came nearly to the tips of his fingers, and his shoes stuck out way beyond his toes, so that his feet slid around in them.

His Mother said, “Good gracious, Charlie! What *is* the matter with your clothes? The buttons of your trousers must have come undone.”

But the buttons were all right. It was Charlie's clothes that had become too big for Charlie. *Charlie had started to grow littler.*

Then his Mother and his Auntie turned up the hem of his trousers and sewed tucks in the sleeves of his blouse, and they still looked big and baggy, but Charlie wore them all day.

And that night Charlie was still as bad about going to sleep as ever!

The next morning when Charlie came down to breakfast his trousers again hung to the tops of his boots, and the sleeves of his blouse came to the tips of his fingers, in spite of his Mother having turned up the hem and taken a tuck in his sleeves the day before—and as for his shoes they were simply ENORMOUS! *Charlie had grown littler again during the night.*

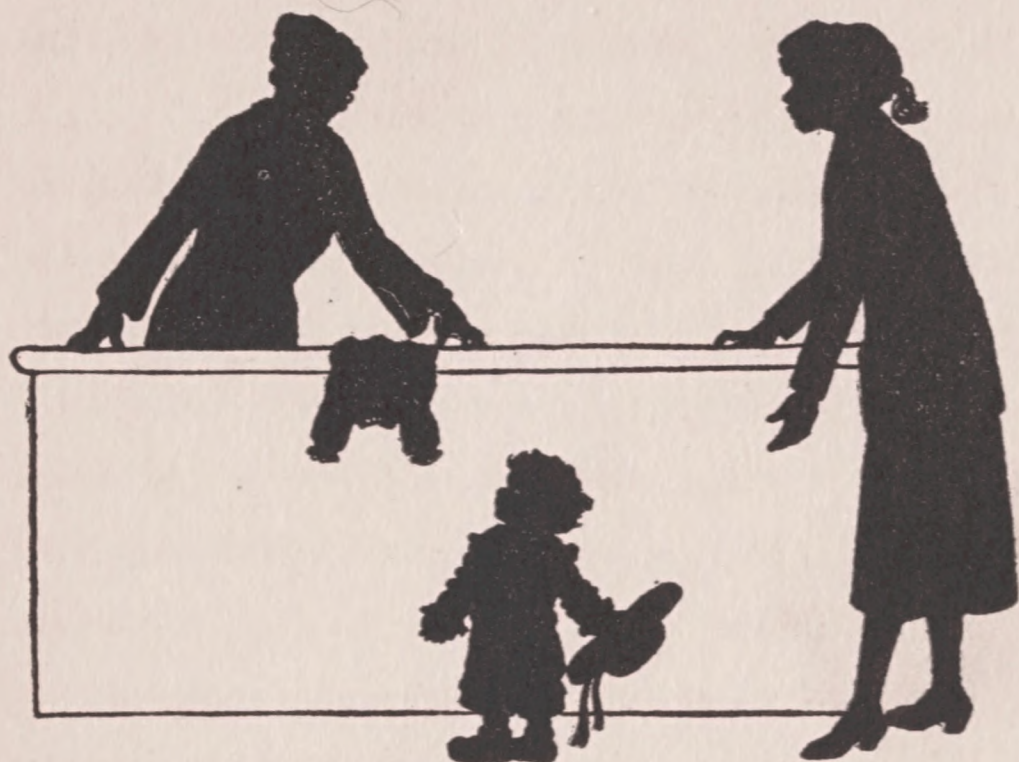
Then his Mother said, "I simply can't make this suit any smaller; I will have to

go downtown and buy Charlie a new suit that will be small enough for him."

So his Mother took Charlie downtown to a department store, and she said to the saleslady, "I want to buy a suit for this little boy. His own has grown too big for him." The saleslady showed Charlie's Mother one suit after another—but what do you think? *They were all too big for Charlie.* The trousers of all of them came way down to his shoe-tops, and the sleeves came down to the tips of his fingers.

At last the saleslady said, "I simply have not got a suit that is small enough for your little boy. The only thing that I have that is small enough for him is a baby's dress." Then she brought the baby's dress and tried it on Charlie, and it fitted him perfectly.

After that Charlie's Mother took him into the shoe store to buy him some new shoes, for his own were so dreadfully big that they kept falling off. But what do you think?



There were no real big boy shoes, small enough for Charlie. In the whole shoe store the only shoes that were small enough were a pair of baby's shoes—and the soles were so thin that Charlie could not walk in them from the street car to the house, and his Mother had to carry him.

When they got home, the first thing his Mother and his Auntie did was to go up to the attic and bring down the baby carriage

that Charlie used to go out in when he was a baby—and he had to take his walk sitting in the baby carriage. Yes, Charlie had become a little baby again! He felt very unhappy indeed; he did not like to be a baby one little bit. And his Mother and his Daddy and his Auntie felt very unhappy, too. The only person who was pleased about it was Jane, the cat, and she was very pleased. For Jane just *loved* little babies. She loved them when they were baby kittens and she loved them when they were baby children. Her own kitten Topsy was getting a big kitten; he could run most as fast as Jane, and he could wash his own face—he was no longer a baby kitten. So when Jane saw that Charlie had become a darling little baby again she was awfully pleased.

When Charlie came in from his drive in his pram his Mother had brought down the old baby guard and she had it all ready for

him, on the bedroom floor, with a rug for him to play on. For his Mother and his Auntie did not think it safe for Charlie to run around as he wanted to, now that he had grown so small—they were afraid that he might fall downstairs. So they put him with his toys inside the guard, and immediately Jane jumped in after him and lay down beside him on the rug, and she purred and she purred, so happy was she that Charlie was a dear little baby again.

But she would not let Topsy inside the guard; no, she chased him away whenever he wanted to come in, because she thought he would be rough with Charlie and would not understand how to play with such a tiny baby.

That evening when Charlie's Mother had put him to bed and given him a bottle, just as if he were a really truly baby, she kissed him good night and went downstairs. Then Jane, the cat, came into the room and

jumped up on the armchair beside Charlie's crib. She had come to watch over him, the way she used to watch over Topsy when he was a kitten.

And—do you think that Charlie went to sleep now? He did not. He was *determined* not to go to sleep.

As soon as his Mother had got downstairs, he opened his mouth and began to cry, "I want a drink of wa——" but he got no further, for, what do you think? Jane, the cat, sprang right on to Charlie's pillow and put her paw against his mouth, so that he could not make the leastest little sound. And she held it there until he stopped trying to cry.

Jane knew that Charlie was being bad, and she was not going to allow it, any more than she used to allow her kitten Topsy to be bad and mew too loudly.

Every time that Charlie tried to cry out,

Jane put her paw against his mouth until he stopped.

Soon he went to sleep, as he simply *could* not keep awake unless he could sing and talk to himself. Yes, Charlie ac-tu-ally went to sleep though it was only half past seven o'clock! And he slept all through the night until it was time to get up in the morning.

And then—when his Mother came in to dress him, what do you think? She could not button Charlie's clothes in the back! No, she could not even make them meet enough to pin them with a safety pin. *Charlie had started to grow during the night.*

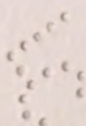
So his Mother went and looked in her trunk and she found an old pair of rompers that Charlie had worn the summer before, and he wore them all day.

That night when Charlie had been put to bed and Jane was sitting on the chair beside him, Charlie was not quite so deter-

mined not to go to sleep. He thought that it was very disagreeable to grow littler instead of bigger, and it had been very nice to wear rompers that day instead of a little tiny baby's dress. Besides, there was a look in Jane's eye that made him think that he would not be *allowed* to keep himself awake by singing and talking, even if he tried to. So Charlie turned himself over on his side, snuggled into the bed clothes and was asleep in two minutes.

The next morning when his Auntie came to dress him, Charlie had grown so big that he could not get into his rompers.

So his Auntie got his old suit from the bureau drawer, the one he had grown too big for, and she put it on—but it did look funny! The legs of the trousers were so awfully short, because, as you remember, his Mother had turned the hem up when Charlie first began to get littler. So his Auntie had to let down the hem and take the tucks out



of the sleeves before Charlie could wear the suit at all. Then it fitted him perfectly, and so did his big boy shoes. Charlie had become as big as he ever was.

And *that* night when he was snugly tucked up in bed and his Mother had kissed him good night, Charlie shut his eyes and went to sleep before ever his Mother had got downstairs again.

And always and always after that Charlie went to sleep the very minute that his Mother or his Auntie had tucked him up and kissed him "Good night." Never again, no *never* did Charlie try to keep himself awake by calling out for drinks of water, and for people to come up and kiss him "Good night"—because NEVER AGAIN, even to please Jane, the cat, did Charlie want to grow littler instead of bigger.

As for Topsy—you can believe that he was glad that Charlie was no longer a tiny baby, but could run about and play with him, and

chase him around the garden, and feed him his breakfast and his dinner and his supper, as he always did before he grew littler instead of bigger.







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